

# Benson Hedges

## Fun.

Holy ghosts  
When do you come out to play?  
'Cause if the Lord is gonna find me  
He'd better start looking today Last week my baby hit the slopes  
I spent the weekend setting traps in the road  
I should have been cutting out my eyelids  
You'll never guess what baby did when she got home Na na na na  
Now at least the birds are singing to me  
But what they're trying to say  
I don't know  
(You're beautiful)  
I think they come from the cold  
(For all your big mistakes)  
I think they come from the cold  
(You stayed the same)  
To the city that doesn't snow So I drove until we both broke down  
I was stranded in a border town  
Believing the motel TV would bring me to safety  
But between MTV and Mr. O'Reilly  
I've come to find, that I can't be defined  
So I turned it off, now convinced I would cross  
Took one last look at the gold  
As it shattered on a mountaintop Now I believe the sun, it's like a symphony  
But what it's trying to play  
I don't know  
(You're beautiful)  
I think it's come from the cold  
(For all your big mistakes)  
I think it's come from the cold  
(You stayed the same)  
To the city that doesn't snow C'mon Holy ghosts  
When do you come out to play?  
'Cause if the Lord is gonna find me  
He'd better start looking today So I can rise with the river  
We all float before we sink  
So pray for satellites  
Pray for courtesy  
And pray that it can climb mountains to me!  
I say goodbye to the canyon  
I will set sail to the streets  
Where I don't care to be forgiven  
I want to be forgotten

I don't care to be forgiven  
When Lord I only want to be forgotten! Now I receive a call from my family  
And what they started to say  
Bought me home (You're beautiful)  
They think I'm beautiful  
(For all your big mistakes)  
They think I'm beautiful  
(You're beautiful)  
For all my big mistakes

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>